

Eminem - Still Don't Give a Fuck Lyrics

A lot of people ask me
Am I afraid of death?
Hell yeah, I'm afraid of death
I don't want to die yet
A lot of people think that I worship the devil
That I do all types of retarded shit
Look, I can't change the way I think
And I can't change the way I am
But if I offended you
Good
'Cause I still don't give a fuck

I'm zoning off of one joint stopping a limo
Hopped in the window, shopping a demo at gunpoint
A lyricist without a clue, what year is this?
Fuck a needle here's a sword, body pierce with this
Living amok, never giving a fuck
Gimme the keys, I'm drunk and I've never driven a truck
But I smoke dope in a cab
I'll stab you with the sharpest knife I can grab
Come back the next week and re-open your scab
A killer instinct runs in the blood
Emptying full clips and burying guns in the mud
I've calmed down now I was heavy once into drugs
I could walk around straight for two months with a buzz
My brain's gone, my soul's worn and my spirit is torn
The rest of my body's still being operated on
I'm ducked the fuck down while I'm writing this rhyme
'Cause I'm probably gonna get struck with lightning this time

For all the weed that I've smoked
Yo this blunt's for you
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
To all the friends I used to have
Yo, I miss my past
But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass
For all the drugs that I've done
Yo I'm still gonna do
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
For every time I reminisce
Yo, I miss my past
But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass

I walked into a gunfight with a knife to kill you
And cut you so fast when your blood spilled, it was still blue

I'll hang you till you dangle and chain you with both ankles
And pull you apart from both angles
I wanna crush your skull till your brains leaks out of your veins
And bust open like broken water mains
So tell Saddam not to bother with making another bomb
'Cause I'm crushing the whole world in my palm
Got your girl on my arm and I'm armed with a firearm
So big my entire arm is a giant firebomb
Buy your Mom a shirt with a Slim Shady iron-on
And the pants to match
"Here momma, try 'em on"
I get imaginative with a mouth full of adjectives
A brain full of adverbs, and a box full of laxatives
Causing hospital accidents
God help me before I commit some irresponsible acts again

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I wanted an album so rugged nobody could touch it
Spent a million a track and went over my budget
Now how in the fuck am I supposed to get out of debt?
I can't rap anymore, I just murdered the alphabet
Drug sickness got me doing some bugged twitches
I'm withdrawing from crack so bad my blood itches
I don't rap to get the women, fuck bitches
Give me a fat slut that cooks and does dishes
Never ran with a clique, I'm a posse
Kamikaze, strapping a motherfucking bomb across me
From the second I was born my Momma lost me
I'm a cross between Manson, Esham and Ozzy
I don't know why the fuck I'm here in the first place
My worst day on this earth was my first birthday
Retarded? What did that nurse say? Brain damage?
Fuck, I was born during an earthquake

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